THE HISTORY OF THE Noble Marques.

K. Griselto

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PLEASANT AND SWEET HISTORY of patient Grissell.

Shewing how she from a poore mans Daughter, came to be a great Lady in *France*, being a patterne for all vertuous VVomen.

Translated out of *Italian*.

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The pleasant and sweet History of patient *Grissell*

shewing how she from a poor mans Daughter, came to bee a great Lady in *France*: being a patterne for all Vertuous Women.

CHAPTER I.

How, and in what place the Noble Marquesse was dwelling.

IN the Countrey of Saluse, which lyeth neere Italy and France, there lived a noble and worthy Prince, named Gualter, Marquesse and Lord of Saluse, a man of such vertues, that the world did ring of: beloved of his subiects for his good parts, that before his dayes nor since was very few the like, for his continuall care of his subiects good, and they in their dutifulnesse,

neſſe, ſought to out-ſtrip him in love, from his youth, his onely exercise was hunting, wherein he tooke ſuch delight, that nothing was more pleaſing unto him: withall, the ſubiects loyaltie to this worthy Prince in their carefulneſſe, that ſuch excellent vertues ſhould not faile for want of iſſue, intreated him by humble petition to marry, that from his loynes their children might enioy the like happineſſe. This ſpeech then, ſpoke to the Prince drave ſuch love and affection into his minde, that moſt graciouſly he made them anſwer, that when it ſhould pleaſe God that hee ſhould ſee one that he could love, hee moſt willingly would fulfill their good and honeſt requeſt: with all this anſwer gave them ſuch content, that they prayed earneſtly to ſee that day.

CHAP. 3

Of the good and honeſt life of faire *Griſild*, and her old father *Janicola*.

NEre to the famous City of Saluſe was a poore village named Clue, in the way going to a great and ſpacious

pacious Forreſt, where the Noble Marquesse vſed daily his pleaſure in hunting; the poorer ſort got their living, ſom by ſpinning ſom carding others by keeping sheep, amongſt the reſt of the inhabitants, there was an old man named Ianicola, whoſe wife being dead, shee left him one onely Daughter, named Griſſell, who by the Countrey manner, was named the faire. Theſe two liued contentedly together, the aged Father goes to get wood for fire, the Maid makes his bed, gets his breakfaſt ready againſt his comming home, drives her sheepe to the common ſets her houſe in order, and falls to her ordinary worke of ſpinning: when the old man comes home, ſhe ſets his meate, makes much of him, ſhewes all the obedience that may be to the aged man; he in requitall of her love as an incouragement to all obedient children, powrs out his hearty prayers in her behalf, praying the Almighty God to bleſſe her, & to give her that happines which belongs to ſo good a child, no doubt but his petition was heard for God gave a bleſſing to her, as you may hear by the happy comming of the Marquesse that way, which may ſeeme ſodenly after.

Chap. 3

How the Marqueſſe of *Saluſſe*, riding a hunting, fell in love with the faire Griſſell.

A Noble Marqueſſe,
As he did ride a hunting

hare

hard by a Forrest side,
A faire and comely Maiden,
As she did sit a spinning,
his gentle eye espide,
Most faire and comely,
And of comely grace was she,
although in simple attire,
She sung full sweetly,
With pleasant voyce melodiously,
which set the Lords heart on fire,
The more he looked, the more he might,
Beauty bread his hearts delight,
And to this comely Damsell
then he went.
God speed (quoth he) thou famous flower,
Faire Mistresse of this homely bower,
Where love and vertue
dwels with sweet content.

With comely gesture
And modest mild behaviour,
she bid him welcome then,
She entertaind him
In faithfull friendly manner,
and all his gentlemen.
The noble Marquesse
In's heart felt such a flame,
which set his sences at strife;

Quoth

Quoth he faire Maiden
Shew me soone what is thy name,
I meane to make thee my wife.
Grisle is my name quoth she,
Far unfit for your degree,
A silly maiden
and of parents poore.
Nay Griſſell thou art rich he said.
A vertuous faire and comely maid,
Grant me thy love
and I will aske no more.

CHAPTER 4.

How the Marquesse married faire Griſſel, and how the Lords desired him to put her away, because she was of so meane a blood.

AT length she consented,
And being both contented,
they married were with speed:
Her countrey russet
Was chang'd to silke and Velvet,
as to her state agreed;
And when that she
Was trimly tyred in the same,
her beauty shined most bright,
Farre staining every,

other

Other faire and Princely Dame,
that did appeare in her ſight.
Many envied her therefore,
Becauſe ſhe was of parents poore,
And twixt her Lord and ſhe
great ſtrife did raiſe.
Some ſaid this, and ſome ſaid that,
And ſome did call her beggars brat,
And to her Lord
they would her oft diſpraiſe.

O noble Marqueſſe,
Quoth they why doſt thou wrong us
thus baſely for to wed,
That might have gotten
An honourable Lady
into your Princely bed:
Who will not now,
Your noble iſſue ſtill deride,
which ſhall hereafter be borne:
That are of blood ſo baſe,
Borne by the Mothers ſide,
the which will bring them in ſcorn?
Put her therefore quite away,
And take to you a Lady gay,
Whereby your linage
may renowned be.
Thus every day they ſeem'd to prate

That

That maist'r Grissels good estate,
Who all this while
tooke it most patiently.

Chap. 5

How the noble Marquesse had two children by patient Grissell, how he sent for them, and told her they must be murthered, and of her patience.

When that the Marquesse,
Did see that they were bent thus
against his faithfull wife,
Whom he most dearely,
Tenderly and entirely,
beloved as his life:
Minding in secret
For to prove her patient heart,
thereby her foes to disgrace,
Thinking to shew her
A hard discourteous part;
that men might pitty her case.
Great with child this Lady was,
And at last it came to passe,
Two goodly children
at one birth she had.
A son and daughter God had sent,
Which did her father wel content,

And

And which did make,
their mothers heart full glad,

Great royall feasting
Was at these childrens christening
and princely triumph made,
Six weeks together,
All Nobles that came thither,
were entertain'd and staid,
And when all these pleasant
Sportings quite were done,
the Marquesse a Messenger sent,
For his young daughter
And his pretty smiling sonne,
declaring his full intent,
How that the Babes must murthred be.
For so the Marquesse did decree,
Come, let me have
the children then he said.
With that faire Grissell wept full sore,
She wrung her hands and said no more,
My gracious Lord
must have his will obey'd.

Chap. 6.

Of the gret sorrow that Patient *Grisel*, made for her Children.

She tooke the Babies,
Even from the nursing Ladies,
betweene her tender armes,
She often wishes
With many sorrowfull kisses,
that she might ease their harmes;
Farewell, farewell,
A thousand times my children deare,
never shall I see you againe:
'Tis long of me
Your sad and wofull Mother here,
for whose sake both must be slaine.
Had I beene borne of royall race,
You might have liv'd in happy case,
But you must dye
for my unworthinesse.
Come messenger of death (quoth she)
Take my dearest Babes to thee,
And to their father
my complaints expresse.
He tooke the children
And to his noble Maister,

he

he brought them both with ſpeed,
Who in ſecret ſent them
Unto a noble Lady,
to be brought up indeed;
Then to faire Griſiell,
With a heavy heart he goes,
where ſhe ſate mildly all alone,
A pleaſant geſture,
And a lovely looke ſhe ſhewes,
as if no griefe ſhe had knowne.
(Quo he) my children now are ſlaine,
What thinks fair Griſſel of the ſame,
Sweet Griſſel now
declare thy mind to me.
Sith you my Lord are pleaſ d with it
Poore Griſſel thinks the action fit,
Both I and mine
at your command will be.

Chap. 7.

How patient Griſſel was parted from the Noble Marqueſſe, and ſent to her Father again, and of a great marriage was prepared the ſecond match of the Marqueſſe.

My Nobles murmur,
Faire Griſiell at thy honour,

and

and I no ioy can haue,
Till thou be banisht,
Both from the Court & presence,
as they vniustly crabe,
Thou must be stript
Out of thy stately garments all,
and as thou camst to me,
In homely gray,
Instead of bisse and purest Pall,
now all thy cloathing must be;
My Lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy Lord, which grieues me
The poorest life (sore
must now content thy mind,
A groat to thee I must not giue,
Thee to maintaine while I doe liue,

Against

Againſt my Griſſell
ſuch great foes I find.

When gentle Griſſel
Did heare theſe woſull tidings,
the teares ſtood in her eyes,
Nothing ſhe anſwered,
No words of diſcontentment
did from her lips ariſe;
Her Velvet gowne
Moſt patiently ſhe ſtripped off,
her Kirtle of ſilke with the ſame,
Her ruſſet gowne (ſcoffe
Was brought againe with many a
to beare them her ſelfe ſhe did frame
When ſhe was dreſt in this array,
And was ready to part away,
God ſend long life
unto my Lord (quoth ſhe)
Let no offence be found in this,
To give my Love a parting kiſſe.
With watery eyes
farewell my deare ſaid he.

CHAP. 8.

How patient Griſſell was ſent for to the wedding, and of her great humility and patience.

FRom princely Palace,
Vnto her fathers Cottage,
poore Griſſell now is gone;
Full ſixteene winters
Shee lived there contented,
no wrong ſhe thought upon,

And

And at that time through
All the Land the ſpeeches went,
the Marqueſſe ſhould married be
Unto a noble Lady great,
Of high deſcent,
and to the ſame all parties did agree.
The Marqueſſe ſent for Griſſel faire,
The Brides bed chamber to prepare,
That nothing therein
might be found awry, (come,
The Bride was with her Brother
Which was great joy to all and ſome,
But Griſſel tooke
all this moſt patiently.

And in the morning,
When as they ſhould be wedded,
her patience there was tride,
Griſſel was charged
Her ſelfe in friendly manner
for to attire the Bride:
Moſt willingly
She gave conſent to doe the ſame,
the Bride in bravery was dreſt,
And preſently
The noble Marqueſſe thither came,
with all his Lords at his requeſt.
O Griſſell I would aske of thee,

If to this match thou wilt agree,
Methinks thy lookes
are mixed with wondrous joy.
With that they all began to smile,
And Grisel she replide the while,
God send Lord Marquesse
many yeeres of joy.

Chap. 9.

How the Marquesse being moved with her patience gave her two children were friends, and after lived in peace.

The Marquesse was moved
To see his best beloved
thus patient in distresse.
He stept unto her,
And by the hand he tooke her,
these words he did expresse:
Thou art my Wife
And all the Wife I meane to have,
these two thy own children be.
The youthfull Lady
On her knees did blessing crave,
her Mother as well as she,
And you that envied her estate,
Who I have made my loving mate.

Now

Now blush for shame,
and honour vertuous life.
The Chronicles of lasting fame,
Shal ever more exiolthe name,
Of patient Griffel,
my most constant wife.

CHAP. 10.

Of the great feast that was made for patient *Grissel*, and her children, and old *Ianicola*.

THe Lords & Gentlemen being astonished, looked one upon another, and seeing no remedy but that the noble Marquesse had set an unremoveable love upon her, besought her to pardon them of their endy towards her, and to take them into her favour, which she with a modest behaviour promised to doe; the noble Marquesse seeing all in peace, ordained a great and sumptuous feast; where patient Griffel sate Mistresse of the feast, the Marquesse on her right hand, on her left, her aged Father, old Janicola; her two children betweene them both, the Lords and Gentlemen doing them service. This feast continued fourteene dayes, to the comfort of the Commons.

When

When this Solemne feast was ended, the Marquesse, to shew his love to his Grisell, made her Father one of his counsel, and Governour of his Palace, where for many yeares, he lived in the love of the whole Court: the noble Marquesse and his faire Grisel lived almost thirty yeeres, saw their childrens children, and then dyed, beloved and bewayled of their subiects.

Chap. 2.

The Authors perswasion to all Women in Generall.

Thus you may see by this History, you that are women, the great good which commeth by patience and humility, for had this vertuous woman bin of a churlish and crabbed disposition, she had lost that great estate which she had, besides the happy love of a worthy and loving husband: Therfore, ye women, as you are helpers for men, & were so created for that use, give no occasion to your loving husbands: & men likewise, be not bitter to your wives, for the world hath not many Grisels; for man and wife living lovingly and peaceably in this world,

world, ſhal dye with a good conſcience, and enioy the happineſſe of the world to come, which ſhall haue no end.

FINIS.